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Some Random Reveries of a San Francisco
Antiquarian Bookman
by Harold L. Holmes

The Maps of San Francisco Bay
The Story behind the Club's Christmas Book
by Neal Harlow

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The Book Club of California

FOUNDED IN 1912, The Book Club of California is a non-profit association of booklovers and collectors who have a special interest in Pacific Coast history, literature, and fine printing. Its chief aims are to further the interests of book collectors in the West and to promote an understanding and appreciation of fine books.

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Some Random Reveries of a San Francisco Antiquarian Bookman

by *Harold L. Holmes**

IN almost every instance, those of us who are in the retrospective era of life date our memories "before the fire" or "before the depression." With a very few exceptions, this is true with these reveries.

Fifty-five years in the antiquarian book business, even in this era of increasing longevity, approach somewhat of a record. Yet, the vehicle of time which makes this possible is never quite appreciated until we near our port of destiny. Seldom does one enter the business of bookselling without some type of literary background. I like to think that my life's business was the result of having a father whose two main sources of recreation were reading and gardening. I have often heard him quote Edward Gibbon who said, "I would not exchange the habit of reading for the wealth of the Indies."

My father, Robert Holmes, one of ten children, was born in 1845 on a farm in Lincolnshire, England. This farm has been in

*Dean of the antiquarian booksellers of the San Francisco Bay area, wise and genial Harold Holmes, has continuously served the needs of local collectors (and some further afield) for well over half a century. It is a pleasure to present here the first installment of his bookish reminiscences which will be concluded in the Spring 1951 number.

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the Holmes family for over 300 years and is still occupied by the lineal descendants. In the quaint old village of Hogsthorpe, still stands the little thirteenth century church where a long line of our ancestors worshipped. Founded by Ugga, a Danish overlord, this little settlement originally was named Uggathorpe, finally corrupted to Hogsthorpe. In 1947, I had the very unique thrill of sleeping in the four-poster bed on which my father was born. I quenched my thirst at the identical pump which has held sway for many generations and still is a main source of supply for the old brick farmhouse.

From the ninth to the fourteenth centuries, the shire of Lincoln was an active area of invasion and infiltration by the Danes, the Scandinavians, and the Flemish. Although absorbed over the centuries by the English, many villages and families still bear traces of their origin in their names. The name "de Holm" (now Holmes) is a typical example.

From early colonial days, even up to the waning years of the nineteenth century, the shires of Lincoln and York contributed a large share to the peaceful settlement of America. Burial Hill in Massachusetts is the oldest colonial cemetery in America; and in the burial records, the name of Holmes leads all the rest, closely followed by the Bartletts.

My grandmother on the maternal side was Frances Culpeper, born in Boston, Massachusetts. Her father was Alleyne Culpeper, a friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne and George W. Childs, in whose homes she was a frequent guest. Later, her two brothers, Alleyne and James, were engaged in building piers in Georgetown, British Guiana, for the British government. Her ancestors, as recorded in the genealogy of the "Barbadian Culpepers," originally stemmed from Kent, England. Alleyne Culpeper, the original settler in British Guiana, was married in England to Anne Holmes; and it is rather curious that, after a period of over 200 years, the sole lineal descendants bear, at least for the time, the name of Holmes.

At the age of eighteen, my father was apprenticed to a large wholesale and exporting firm of drapers (dealers in cloth). In 1867, at the age of twenty-two, he left Lincolnshire, the land of the fens and the wolds, and went to Georgetown, British Guiana, to take a position as assistant manager for the firm. During his

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ten years' residence there, he married the daughter of Frances Culpeper, to whom three children were born—two in Georgetown and one in London while there on a business trip. In 1877, the tropics had made such inroads on his health that he was advised by his physician to seek a more temperate climate. He then took his family to Toronto, Canada, where, four months later, I was born. After two years in Toronto, he removed to the then-booming frontier town of Winnipeg where the last child was born. With the bursting of the boom three years later, he left for California, arriving in Oakland in August 1882. He lived here until his passing which occurred in 1931 in his eighty-seventh year.

My real introduction to reading, other than school work, was in our little Sunday school library. I still remember the interest and the thrill in reading *Robinson Crusoe*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Little Men*, *Jo's Boys*, Alger's *Ragged Dick* series, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Chatterboxes*, and a host of others. How well I remember Christmas 1886 when I awakened to find *Little Lord Fauntleroy* tied to my stocking! Although I have not looked at this perennial juvenile for many years, the picture of little Cedric standing in front of his grandfather remains fresh in my memory. Later, I was to taste some of the advanced literature in our home, such as Irving's *Alhambra*, Dickens' works, and, especially, do I remember Scott's *Ivanhoe* which fascinated me probably more than any of the books read during my teens.

It seems but yesterday that my father, on an evening in July 1894, casually said, "My boy, I have decided to open a little old-bookstore. I have wanted to do this for years and now think the time has come." Although in enthusiastic accord, I had grave misgivings as to the financial success. As a wide reader with a historical and philosophical trend, my father seemed to me to be better fitted as a patron of a bookstore than a bookseller; and I still hold this opinion. Later, it developed that the immediate incentive was a conversation with a ship captain who stated that many hundreds of captains, mates, engineers, and seamen manning the numerous ships in port were readers and, if someone would open a bookstore and solicit their trade, it would be successful.

The following month, August 1894, my father purchased a few

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hundred miscellaneous books from Healy and Daly's old bookshop and, adding to it his own small library, opened for business at 702 Mission Street, just off Third. Spending a few hours a week among the shipping fraternity showed good results and this, coupled with business from the street traffic, soon became a profitable venture. The business grew rapidly. When three adjoining stores twenty feet wide and seventy-five feet deep became vacant, my father leased them for \$100 a month and, a year later, I entered into his employ.

In March 1896, my father opened a branch bookstore at 1155 Market Street between Seventh and Eighth Streets. Although with only a few months' experience in a bookstore, I was placed in charge. My work was very simple and consisted only in selling at the prices marked. In lieu of a cash register, we had a small drawer under the counter, which rang a bell when opened. The store was equipped with gas lights, electricity not being in general use in the smaller stores. About 2,000 used bound and paper books and a few back-number magazines constituted the stock in trade. We opened on a Monday morning and the result of the day's sales totalled ninety-five cents. From that day to the present, it stands as an all-time record. Although I was very much depressed when reporting the results, my father's answer removed my gloom when he said, "My boy, it is not the starting that counts; it is the progress that is of importance." The truth of this was borne in on me as the week advanced. Saturday's sales (our banner day) amounted to \$12.95 and I well remember riding on the cable car holding tightly to this then-colossal amount. In 1899, our business had increased to an extent that permitted us to lease an adjoining store at 1149 Market Street for a term of five years. In the fall of 1902, my father presented me with the store free of any encumbrance. I continued to occupy this store until the earthquake and fire of 1906 laid it in ruins. This store was the school in which I learned the rudiments of the antiquarian book business. It was my first love and has always remained so.

In the earlier years, the store was a veritable mecca for well-informed collectors, as well as booksellers who, needless to say, were made very happy gloating over their finds. The nine years preceding the earthquake and fire had been a period of indoc-

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trination and experience. Fraternizing with booksellers and collectors, reading, studying catalogs and trade journals, plus an eager desire to learn, in two or three years advanced me to a place of comparative level with some of the more experienced bookmen.

By 1905, the stock on hand had accumulated to approximately 40,000 bound volumes, plus a prodigious quantity of back-number magazines. At that time, none of the antiquarian booksellers in San Francisco were issuing catalogs. With this realization, I decided to enter this field and, on September 1, 1905, appeared catalog number one. It was an 8vo of 64 pages and listed 1,836 items under various subjects. In that day, the values were very low—so low that today many of the items would bring five and ten times the prices, and, in one instance, fifty times more. Exactly 199 California titles are catalogued at a total of \$509. In today's market, they would bring a little over \$4,000. To cite a few examples:

Borthwick's *Three Years in California*, \$2.50, now \$50.00; Cremony's *Life among the Apaches*, \$1.00, now \$20.00; Thompson and West's *County Histories*, \$2.00, now \$50.00 to \$75.00; Downie's *Hunting for Gold*, \$1.25, now \$20.00; Dwinelle's *Colonial History of San Francisco*, \$25.00, now \$250; Foster's *Gold Mines of California*, \$4.00, now \$50.00. The most interesting and valuable item was the first volume of *The Mountain Echo*, published at Downieville from June 19, 1852, to June 11, 1853. Several of the issues were printed on common brown wrapping paper. This was priced at \$25.00 and today it would easily bring \$1,000. A. S. Macdonald, then the leading Californiana collector, purchased it. About 1915, he sold his collection to the Huntington Library which now has the only known complete year.

On that fateful morning of April 18, 1906, the sellers of old books could be counted on two hands. The better-known dealers were Horace H. Moore, the King brothers, Robert E. Cowan, P. J. Healy, D. W. Fraser, William Lorimer, and the Holmes Book Co. At the end of the day, every bookstore, new or old, except the place of Robert E. Cowan who was operating from his home in the Mission and so escaped the fire, had been entirely destroyed.

Of the old-booksellers, only three resumed business: the King

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brothers, Robert E. Cowan, and the Holmes Book Co. Of these, the Holmes Book Co. alone survives.

Although I knew all the booksellers, my most intimate contacts were with Horace H. Moore and Robert E. Cowan. Moore was in business before I was born, and Cowan was sixteen years my senior. Both were liberal in their advice and guidance.

Horace H. Moore was perhaps the most scholarly of the early San Francisco antiquarian booksellers. When I first met him in 1896, he was in his middle seventies and operating a small shop at 542 California Street. A search of the city directories indicates that he came to San Francisco in 1855. From 1856 to 1867, he was librarian of the Mercantile Library Association. In 1860, he compiled a catalog of the library by author and subject, totalling 14,000 volumes. He was a personal friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck and co-editor of Halleck's *Life and Letters*, published in 1869. Moore made frequent trips to the eastern states where he made large purchases at the book auctions. In addition, during his many years in business, he imported thousands of books from England. In my several chats with him, he informed me that he was the first antiquarian dealer in San Francisco to specialize in rare books. He was a skillful fencer in his youth, still kept his foils in a corner of his shop, and occasionally practiced the art with one of his old cronies as the victim. Upon one of my visits, he pointed to a group of "old dodgers" (as he called them) in the rear of the shop and said, "They are my old friends. They do a lot of talking but no buying. Don't let that happen to you."

My recollection of him is as a short, grey-haired man, pleasant, humorously talkative, and with a friendly smile. He never reopened his shop after the fire and I believe he died shortly thereafter.

Robert E. Cowan was a constant visitor and customer from the time we first opened for business. He was then in his early thirties and a moderate purchaser of western Americana and general collectors' items which he resold to his clientele. Later on, in 1896, he opened Cowan's Old Book Shop at 211A Powell Street, moving, in 1897, to 209 Fourth Street; then to 829 Mission Street for about a year, and resuming business from his residence until his permanent removal to Los Angeles.

He knew intimately most of the collectors in the city and was

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a factor in building their collections. The source of his supply came from his wide contacts and from the booksellers. During my novitiate, he was always a source of advice and guidance and ready at all times to impart information desired. Later, as I grew to know him better, he would put me in touch with collections which, for some reason or other, he was not in a position to handle.

One very fine lead he gave me was a library at Yankee Hill, above Oroville, where I secured about 2,000 volumes which included many rare items. In the collection was a complete set of *The Californian*, published during 1864-1866, and perhaps the rarest of all Bret Harte titles. This set was acquired by the Bancroft Library. Sixteen years my senior, Cowan knew many of the pioneer booksellers who had passed on before I entered the field. His recollections of these booksellers are in manuscript form and someday will probably be published.

The King brothers were perhaps the most widely known old-booksellers in San Francisco. There were four brothers, Jack, Will, Jim, and Tom. From 1883 to the year of the fire, they were located on Fourth Street near Market. They operated two shops three or four doors from each other.

Jim and Will were the oldest and each of them employed a brother. Years before, their father was in the second-hand furniture business lower down on Fourth Street; but he eventually drifted into the old-book business, later to be succeeded by his sons. There was a wide difference between the two brothers: Jim drank more than was good for him and consequently made little progress; Will was of sound habits and over the years did well. For nearly two decades, to a large extent, they had the field to themselves. Neither of them was especially interested in scarce and rare books and at no time issued a catalog. Many a fine item passed through their shops at a fraction of its worth. After the fire, all four brothers opened small stores uptown, all of which have disappeared during the last few years.

My first attempt in the purchase of a second-hand book was from Jim King's old-bookstore. On my twelfth birthday, my father had taken me to San Francisco. Later in the day, we stopped at King's Bookstore and browsed over the tables. Among the ten-cent books, I found a large, thick volume of *The Arabian*

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Nights, with both covers missing. I had only five cents in my pocket, so I slipped into the store without my father's seeing me and explained to the man in charge that I would like to buy the book but had only five cents. This annoyed him so much that he took the book out of my hands and tossed it back on to the table without saying a word. My father had not noticed the episode, as I thought, and I concealed my embarrassment from him. A few minutes later, he entered the store to buy three or four books he had selected. Upon returning home, I was surprised to find one of the books purchased was *The Arabian Nights* I had not been able to buy.

Many of the old-timers will remember Wyatt's Antiquarian Book Shop. Samuel Wyatt was originally from London where he operated an old-bookshop. He was a shrewd merchandiser and no book was of much value until it took up residence in his shop. However, he redeemed himself by putting a wide gap between the asking and the selling prices. During the years I knew him, he suffered badly from intermittent illnesses although to look at him, he seemed the picture of health. While it would be a gross exaggeration to say he had occupied a store in every block in San Francisco at one time or another, it could honestly be said that no bookseller ever moved as often as Wyatt. He would open a shop and, in a short time, becoming ill, he would sell it. A little later, his health would return and again he would open another store—only to get ill again and repeat the procedure.

In the later nineties, he visited London and practically cleaned the old-booksellers in Charing Cross Road out of every "half-pence and two-pence" book on their tables. In those days, two-pence books were "not to be sneezed at."

While in his store one day, a rather fashionable lady with a lorgnette commenced browsing over the shelves. In a few minutes she turned to Mr. Wyatt and said, "My good man, do you have a copy of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*?" Seeming nonplussed for a moment, there was a sudden gleam of light in his eyes as he reached for a book which he presented to the lady with the remark, "No, madam, but I have a very nice copy of *Fern Leaves* by Fanny Fern." However, he was a likable character and a rather profitable collector's source.

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Patrick J. Healy was a shoemaker before he turned bookseller. When I first knew him, he was operating a bookshop on Powell Street, under the name of Healy and Daly. In the declining years of his life, he conducted his business from his home. Arriving in San Francisco in 1869, he early became interested in Chinese immigration and, in time, became an authority on the question. In collaboration with the Chinese consul, Ng Poon Chew, he published a pamphlet on the nonexclusion act. Although an active Irish Free-Stater and violently opposed to the British government, he held individual Englishmen in high esteem.

In appearance, he was short, thick-set, and red-haired. He never issued a catalog as far as I know, and my impression is that he became a bookseller only as an incident to making a living. He seldom fraternized with the dealers and, although a kindly man, his shrewdness sometimes took him out of bounds. In the very early days of my bookselling, I unearthed a cache of Richard H. McDonald's defunct magazine, *California Illustrated*. This magazine started in October 1891. The second issue was in January 1892, and it ran until its demise with the issue of April 1894. Not having enough money to buy the lot of about 3,000 copies, I made an agreement with the owner to purchase a certain quantity every week at the price of two cents each. I picked out complete sets and commenced selling them at \$1.50 per set. Healy in some manner got wind of it and made an offer for the entire lot. The owner informed me of the offer but, as he was anxious to get them out of his basement, was inclined to break his word and accept the other offer. I at once contacted Healy and explained my verbal agreement with the owner. I asked Healy to refrain from buying the magazines, saying that I would let him have what he wished at the same price. The result was his reply, "Young man, we must all take our chances in business."

I could only spare \$25.00 at the time, so I went to the dealer who agreed to sell me 1,250 copies at the two-cent price. I went then over the lot very carefully and selected all the complete sets and those stray numbers which were in short quantities. A few days later, Healy bought the balance which, of course, consisted of odd numbers. A short time afterwards, he said, "Well, young man, you got the best of me on the magazines." My

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answer was, "Mr. Healy, we must all take our chances in business." He saw the point and we remained good friends.

Unlike most businesses, the antiquarian bookseller gets a greater thrill from buying than he does from selling. The lure of the chase is ever present. He is forever dreaming that tomorrow or perhaps today, fortune may grant him a *Bay Psalm Book*, a *Tamerlane*, a first-folio Shakespeare, or even that almost legendary broadside, *The Freeman's Oath*, noted in Governor Winthrop's *Journals* as the first printing struck off colonial America's first press.

Like the old Mother Lode miner, he never abandons the hope of striking a rich pocket. A rare book is of little value while it lies hidden in the dust of the attic or reposes obscured on the shelf. A nugget of gold is of no value (except to the promoter) while hidden in the mountain. So it is with the rare book, and it is the province of the informed bookman to rescue it from oblivion. The scalpel is of slight value unless in the hands of the skilled surgeon, and to him goes the reward for its use. So it is with the bookman who is entitled to the reward for his knowledge. He is the basic focal point from whence great libraries have been enriched with treasures of the past.

Most interesting material has been recovered from the old Mother Lode district. For a number of years between 1910 and 1930, it was my wont to spend the summer vacations touring the old mining towns, camping, fishing, and book-hunting. It was still a virgin field and practically unscouted. Many interesting and unusual finds were to be made. It is surprising to realize how often valuable material crops up in unusual places. Between the pages of an 1870 copy of the *Statutes of California*, purchased in Sonora, was found a neatly folded program of the celebration of the driving of the last spike at the joining of the Central and Union Pacific railroads, one of the rarest of railroad broadsides. I sent it to the Anderson Galleries in New York and it sold for \$250.

However, the most important and unexpected find occurred in the summer of 1921. Entering Columbia, I stopped at a small general merchandise store to make a purchase. While there, I asked the man in charge if he knew anyone who had a copy of Heckendorn and Wilson's *Business Men's Directory*, published

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there in 1856. He said no one in town had a copy unless it was the one-legged constable. I then asked him if he knew any person in town who had any books. He replied, "Yes, Frank Cavaron has a lot of books. You will find him outside."

Cavaron was sitting on the board sidewalk with his feet in the gutter and whittling a stick. In reply to my question, he said, "Yes, the old woman has a lot of them. Go up to the second corner and turn to the left—this kid will show you the place." From her home, a comparatively modern cottage, Mrs. Cavaron pointed to a dilapidated old house and said, "There are books in the attic and in the old barn." The old house produced nothing of value. The barn was an old-fashioned structure of two stories. There was nothing on the first floor, so I at once climbed the narrow stairs to the upper story. The sight that met my eyes almost took my breath away! Two old-fashioned bookcases and an array of homemade shelving lined one side of the room and were crammed full of books. An old cot in one corner was literally covered with old letters, many of them tied in bundles. It was a very hot day and the layers of dust were so thick one could hardly see the material. The debris was such that it left no doubt that someone in the long past had ransacked the place, evidently looking for some treasure other than literary. An examination revealed that the collection was the library and correspondence, in whole or in part, of James W. Mandeville. Mandeville came to California in the ship *Leverett* early in 1849. After a brief residence in San Jose, he removed to Columbia and resided there until his death in 1876. In 1852, he was elected an assemblyman and, a short time later, became a State senator. Later, he was, consecutively, United States surveyor, State commissioner of immigration, and, in 1875, State controller.

The most important part of the collection consisted of 660 letters and documents relating to California politics of the fifties. Many of the letters were written to Mandeville from prominent Californians of that time, a large portion of them coming from the mining towns of Tuolumne County and the adjacent vicinity. Included were four views of Columbia photographed on what appeared to be ordinary table oilcloth. These four old views are today playing an important part in the restoration of the old town, which is now being carried on.

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Six months later, Leslie E. Bliss of the Huntington Library recognizing the historical value, purchased the entire Mandeville collection. A few months after that, I again visited Columbia, hoping to find a few crumbs that might have been overlooked. To my dismay, the old barn had been completely destroyed by fire. Perhaps the barn realized that its custodial days were over. However, I felt better to know that the cream of its contents had been saved for historical posterity. Scouting around over the years and not waiting for material to be brought to our doors have accounted for a considerable amount of important items being rescued from oblivion.

The Maps of San Francisco Bay

The story behind the Club's Christmas Book

by Neal Harlow*

RIDING the old ferry boats, with a strong chill wind on the foredeck and a squawking pack of querulous gulls attacking and boarding at the rear, I acquired an interest in the San Francisco Bay and its maps, with free gulps of black smoke and damp fog. For forty minutes a day, between embarcadero and mole and back to the embarcadero again, we crossed the ends of sea lanes, our own twin wake of froth and smoke wreathed around the rising piers of the great bridge, soon to join together what nature had long ago put asunder. Street car, ferry, and train in those days ended for me in the Bancroft Library, in a Berkeley loft, where between jobs and overtime an interest in cartography and history could be pleasantly nourished.

There were Miguel Costansó's *Carta Reducida* of 1771, the first map to show modern San Francisco Bay, and the *Plano del Puerto de San Francisco*, issued by the Mexican government in 1825 and of little more than antiquarian value even then—with these, the hunt began. Prodded by Miss Edith Coulter, of the University of California and The Book Club of California, such surface discoveries led to other maps concealed in accounts of explorations,

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in catalogs, and in the tailings of scholarly works. Upon striking the main lode, the records of voyages and visits to the Northwest coast, a one-man rush was on.

Digging eagerly into the accounts, we followed the exploration of the coast and bay, pretty generally in chronological order, tracing the routes safely past the Golden Gate, north then south, or into the harbor and up and down its shores and rivers. A summary of these movements, from Portolá to Frémont, prefaces the map study. Sometimes, original evidence was missing and needed to be pieced in. And, in the search for maps, traces alone sometimes remained, but not the maps themselves; and these were carefully preserved to show that the real thing once existed. Now and then, suppositions seemed nearer the truth than reported facts.

There was, for instance, the case of Jean François Galaup de LaPérouse who visited the coast but did not stop at San Francisco Bay. Yet a chart of the bay appears in the atlas of the voyage, and John W. Dwinelle wrote of an apocryphal expedition and survey to fit it. The source of the LaPérouse chart was eventually traced to a Spanish manuscript of which we have several copies but no original now remains.

Cartographers of the bay borrowed freely, with or without acknowledgment. The early Cañizares' charts (1775 and 1776) influenced mapping strongly until rightfully supplanted by Beechey's survey of 1827-1828. Wilkes and Duflot de Mofras were admitted debtors to Beechey. Tit for tat, Cadwalader Ringgold copied parts of Beechey's 1833 chart for his 1850 series, and John Bull's hydrographers borrowed Ringgold's Sacramento River for the 1851 edition of the Beechey map. Maps, like their makers, evolved by an admixture of strains, the introduction of new blood, and the persistence of useful traits.

Printed maps suggested the probable existence of manuscript originals. Thus, the Duflot de Mofras *Port de San Francisco dans la Haute Californie*, published in 1844, led to his manuscript *Melanges* in the Bancroft Library and its neat pen and ink *Carte Detaillée* of the bay region, never before issued. Investigations of Beechey sources followed a trail back to the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, Bath, England, and produced both an unpublished manuscript of the bay of huge proportions and

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a scarce, first printed edition of 1833. Too good to be true apparently, reproductions of the Beechey plan which turned up in the Contra Costa County court house, in Martinez, were not descendants of the original chart left by Beechey with Comandante Ignacio Martínez in 1828, but were derived from the first printed edition.

The most elusive series of all to apprehend and understand were the maps of the town of San Francisco, 1835-1847. Few originals now exist, and the evidence relating to them is strewn through correspondence, memoirs, and a shelf full of legal transcripts from California and federal courts, including verbatim testimony of such participants in San Francisco history as William A. Richardson, Jacob P. Leese, Jean Jacques Vioget, Washington A. Bartlett, George Hyde, John Henry Brown, and Jasper O'Farrell. "Gov. Figueroa," related Richardson concerning the first plan, "asked me if there was any spot sufficient to lay off a small village or town," and "I told him there was one abreast of the anchorage where the vessels lay, a small place." "The magistrate," he continued, "then went to the first sand hill with the Ayuntamiento . . . and pointed the direction in which the street must lay." Vioget began, "I laid off the blocks on Montgomery Street. . ."; and O'Farrell stated that he made a plan of the town "first in April or May 1847 and, afterwards, in July or June 1847, a plan of the beach and water lots," prior to which, he declared, "no two streets and lots were parallel." These men variously remembered the "old map" of Yerba Buena as having no title or having varying titles, as showing no street names or incorrect ones, and as being laid out with street intersections more or less at right angles. Brown recalled that two maps were surrendered to Alcalde Bartlett in 1846, but Bartlett mentioned the delivery of only a single plan. The lack of originals, the survival of variant copies, and the necessity of hypothecating other plans to explain or reconcile existing conditions have made this division of the subject the most fascinating to pursue.

Twenty-nine separate maps of the bay and ten of the town are described and analyzed in the study, with mentions of numerous other maps related by association, cause, or effect. Originals are located in libraries and collections in Spain, England, Mexico, and the United States, with local contributions of material from

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the Bancroft and State libraries, Huntington, UCLA, and Pomona, the Pioneer and California historical societies, the U.S. District Court archives at San Francisco, the State and Supreme Court archives in Sacramento, and several private collections. A minimum of 175 printed and manuscript sources were found to bear specifically upon the exploration and mapping of the area.

Gradually, little heaps of photographs, notes, and ideas relating to the San Francisco maps began to grow, if they did not actually snowball, until some Yankee use for the accumulation began to be curiously looked for. The 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition seemed a likely prospect to utilize the material, but no colossal hundred-foot reproductions of the series of historical maps ever materialized as a decorative background for the fair. At one time or another, sections of the study took shape as an academic thesis (Berkeley, 1945), an annotated bibliography (*Navigation*, December 1946) and Roxburgh keepsake (1947), a Christmas greeting (Carmel, 1946), centennial speech (Zamorano Club, April 1947) and seminar paper (UCLA, 1947), an article in the *Pacific Historical Review* (November 1947), and, in 1950, after much congenial deliberation by the Grabhorns, a finely printed publication of The Book Club of California, with twenty collotype illustrations. Such is the genealogy, biography, and bibliography of *The Maps of San Francisco Bay*.

News of Club Publications

COMING: THE MAPS OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By the time this issue of the *Quarterly* reaches members, they will already (unless present plans go seriously awry) have received an announcement giving full information about the Club's forthcoming Christmas publication, *The Maps of San Francisco Bay: 1769-1847*. If the announcement succeeds in making clear the historical importance of this work and at the same time conveys some idea of the beauty of its design and printing, then by the time this postscript appears the orders will be streaming into the Club office in such volume as to render any further comment superfluous.

However, whether necessary or not, we can't resist the opportunity to return briefly to the subject here, and to urge those who have not yet placed their orders to do so before all copies are spoken for, as they inevitably will be once word of the book's attractions gets about. For we are firmly convinced that, immediately on publication, the "Map Book," which has been three years in preparation, will take rank among the half dozen most desirable volumes ever

The Book Club of California

to bear the Club imprint. This not-too-rash prediction we base on the following facts: It is the first—and only—work in its field, and it covers the subject so completely that the material it contains is unlikely to be duplicated in the foreseeable future. Second, the Grabhorns have produced an outstandingly handsome book, one that in design, printing and binding, and in fact in every phase of its production, will, we are certain, cause it to be recognized as one of the major achievements of the press.

The above might indicate that we are a bit enthusiastic about *The Maps of San Francisco Bay: 1769-1847*. We are. To those members who want copies but have not yet sent in their orders we strongly urge that they do so without delay.

☞ Elected to Membership

The following have been elected to membership since the Fall issue of the News-Letter:

MEMBER	ADDRESS	SPONSOR
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Sam Bell Wakefield	San Francisco	Catherine Harroun
John R. Watson	San Francisco	Mrs. Elizabeth Downs

New members receive all parts of the current Keepsake series, *Bonanza Banquets*. Last year's Keepsakes, *California Clipper Cards*, may be purchased by members at \$6.00 for the series of twelve. There are only a very limited number available.

☞ Gifts to the Library

THE CLUB'S LIBRARY has been greatly enriched with additional gifts. Received since the last issue of the *News-Letter* are:

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The Journals of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson 1879-1922, two volumes, limited edition, published by Macmillan in 1926. *Gift of* MRS. MORSE ERSKINE.

A Thousand and One Fore-Edge Paintings, Carl J. Weber [Colby College Press, 1949]; *A Pre-Raphaelite Aeneid of Virgil in the Collection of Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny of Los Angeles, being an essay in honor of the William Morris Centenary 1934*, Anna Cox Brinton [Ward Ritchie Press, Number 120 of 150 copies]; *Handlist of Exhibition* (of 100 manuscripts and books from the Estelle Doheny Collection, exhibited for the Zamorano Club, May 9, 1950) [Anderson & Ritchie]. *Gifts of* MRS. EDWARD LAURENCE DOHENY.

The Jayhawkers' Oath and Other Sketches, William Lewis Manly, selected and edited by Arthur Woodward [Warren F. Lewis, Publisher, 1949]. *Gift of* WARREN F. LEWIS.

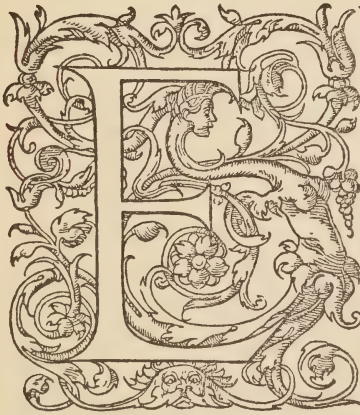
Poems, Linda Kincannon [The Eucalyptus Press, 1949]. *Gift of* MISS ROSALIND A. KEEP.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, illustrations by Lawrence A. Patterson, critical analysis by David Anderson [Johnck, Kibbee & Company, 1926]; *Dawn, the Rise of the West in the Poetry of the West*, Poets of the Pacific, Inc. [Wallace Kibbee & Son, 1950]. *Gifts of* WALLACE KIBBEE.

Through the Mill with B. R., a Play on BPrinting, Claire Bruce [The Typophiles, 1950]. *Gift of* CARROLL T. HARRIS.

A complete set of *The Colophon* purchased with money donated to library by Club members.

A.T.F. *Desk Book of Printing*, 1898; A.T.F. *Line Type Faces*, 1904; A.T.F. *Supple-*



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to meet Aldus, Baskerville, Bensley, Bodoni, Bulmer, Caxton, Cobden-Sanderson, the Elzeviers, the Estiennes, Gutenberg, Ibarra, Morris, Pickering, Plantin, Updike, Warde, and a host of other printers and designers, you can usually find their books in our shop, a friendly place to visit. Catalogs issued, and books searched for, without obligation.

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ment American Line Specimen Book, 1905; A. T. F. *American Line Type Book*, 1906; A. T. F. *Supplement #2*, 1911; A. T. F. *Supplement American Specimen Book Type Styles*, 1917; Barnhart Bros. & Spindler *Specimen Book of Type*, 1900; Barnhart Bros. & Spindler *Catalog 25A*, 1925; Barnhart Type Foundry Co. *Specimen Book No. 9* with historical sketch, 1908; Mergenthaler Linotype Co. *The Manual of Linotype Typography*, 1923; *The American Printer*, Thomas Mackellar [Smiths & Jordan, 1870]; *Gutenberg and the Art of Printing*, Emily C. Pearson [Noyes, Holmes & Co., 1871]; *Printing for School and Shop*, Frank S. Henry [John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1917]; and *Typographic Designs from the Printing Art*, volume 21, March-August, 1913. *Gifts of R. C. SOUTHWORTH.*

☞ Exhibition Note

THE SERIES of book exhibits held in the Club office during the past year has been so well received by the members and their friends that plans have been completed to continue this activity for another twelve months. Following is the schedule of the first four:

October 21 to December 2: Daniel Berkeley Updike. A showing of the work of this famous printer, selected from the Updike collection of George L. Harding.

December 2 to January 6: Taylor & Taylor. A representative collection of the work of this old established San Francisco firm.

January 6 to February 3: The L-D Allen Press. The first comprehensive showing of the productions of the private press of Lewis and Dorothy Allen.

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February 3 to March 3: The Greenwood Press. Examples of the excellent book work being done by this recently established San Francisco press.

Future exhibits will be devoted to other leading West Coast fine printers. Special attention is called to a second *Art of the Book* exhibit (scheduled for June 1951) which will be devoted to members' work in this field. Further details will be announced later; meantime, members are urged to participate by making available examples of their work in printing, designing, or bookbinding.

☪ Miscellany

FOR THE centenary of Robert Louis Stevenson's birth, November 13, an extensive program is scheduled at the Stevenson House, Monterey, under the direction of the State of California. For this occasion, Stanford University Press is issuing its third and final series of books on Stevenson: The first, *No More a Stranger*, told of R.L.S. at Monterey; the second, *Happier for His Presence*, related his experiences in San Francisco; the current volume, *Our Mountain Heritage*, describes his residence at Silverado in Napa County. The three were written by Anne Roller Islar.

THE Robert Louis Stevenson manuscript, *The Adventures of Arethusa and Cigarette*, which was sold recently at Sotheby's in London, recalls Stevenson's comment when an editor paid him £20 for the privilege of publishing it: "I had the fun of the voyage, I had the sport from the boat. Who could have hoped, in addition, the pleasure of fingering the notes?"

A Rich Lode of Americana COMSTOCK BONANZA

Edited by DUNCAN EMRICH
author of "It's an Old Wild West Custom"

Out-of-print and hard-to-find stories and sketches by writing folk who flocked to Virginia City in its hey-day to record the rough, rowdy, gaudy going-ons. Mark Twain is only the first among equals in a roll that includes J. Ross Browne, Sam Davis, Dan de Quille, James W. Gally, Joseph T. Goodman, Fred Hart and Bret Harte.

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JUST PUBLISHED by Warren F. Lewis of Los Angeles, is *The Jayhawkers' Oath* by William Lewis Manly, selected and edited by Arthur Woodward. This book of sketches is the first volume of original Manly material to be issued since his famous volume, *Death Valley in '49*, first published in San Jose in 1894, and re-published by Mr. Lewis earlier this year. *The Jayhawkers' Oath* includes thirty-six illustrations, typical of the times, and a fold-in map in six colors—a replica of one of the favorite maps used by Gold Rush pioneers. Warren F. Lewis also announces publication of *Mission Music of California*, by Father Owen Da Silva, O.F.M.

AN EXHIBITION pointing the way to a new approach in book design will be sponsored by the Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Under the title, *Books of Our Time*, the show will embrace only volumes which have tended to establish new standards by successfully departing from old conventions. The clinic hopes that the display will “inspire a new creative effort, oriented to our time—its materials and methods.”

The date for the exhibition has not been set. The committee, in justifying its time, makes the following statement:

“Despite considerable effort during the past thirty years to evolve a style of book design in the spirit of contemporary aesthetics and technology, the prevailing criterion of judgment is still the hand-printed-and-bound books of pre-Industrial Revolution eras . . . books which reflect the culture of their periods.

Did you know the City of San Francisco owns the little house in Spain where Father Serra was born? How this came about is the strangely fascinating story of

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"It seems incongruous that today, in a world of mechanical and material resources undreamt of in those days—a world finding expression in Stravinsky, Picasso, the U.N. Secretariat Building and the products of our best industrial and advertising designers—we should yet strive to design books with conventions perfected centuries ago.

"Our aim should rather be to evolve a contemporary expression—related to our world as the 'traditional' style was related to its. This is an arduous process and the ultimate form of our books cannot be foreseen with certainty—but enough has been achieved already to demonstrate that we actually have valid new standards.

"The book is not only part of the world created by advertising, radio, motion pictures, and television—it must compete with them for attention. To enable it to do so, we must turn our eyes ahead, not backward, in designing the books of today."

Their statement and their plans are indeed a noble experiment and undoubtedly valid for all forms of communication except books. The inexorable fact persists that to be functional, books must be readable: Text pages must be comfortable to the eye—merely a "bridge between author and reader"—and this explains the close adherence to traditional forms. Evolution in the design of text pages must be subtle, imperceptible. There is no escape. However, the Trade Book Clinic's experiment will be stimulating in its way, and the results will be awaited anxiously.

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A List of Club Publications available for Christmas Gifts



IN INCREASING NUMBER members are selecting publications of The Book Club of California to use as Christmas gifts. The Club this year is making a special effort to extend its services to the full membership and urges each member to avail himself of his privileges. ¶ The publications of the Club are peculiarly suitable for gifts, both by reason of their excellence as examples of bookmaking and because they are sold only to members, and comprise, hence, unique items that cannot be procured elsewhere. ¶ The Book Club list covers a variety of subjects interesting to discriminating readers, and in particular to booklovers. A high standard of typographical excellence is maintained in the publications, which are printed in limited editions of from 200 to 400 copies by the foremost Western fine printers. ¶ Check the publications you desire on this list and mail or bring it to the Club. The books selected will be delivered promptly. If you prefer, publications will be mailed, postpaid, direct from the Club, in time for Christmas. ¶ For your convenience, and for unique and appropriate gifts, you are invited to give Book Club publications this year.

- [] GEORGE CLYMER AND THE COLUMBIAN PRESS by Jacob Kainen. Preface and Notes by James W. Elliott and Paul A. Bennett. 60 pages. 8 full-illustrations. 7 by 4½ inches. Hand-set. 350 copies printed by Taylor & Taylor. June 1950. Cloth cover. Price \$5.00
- [] MOTHER OF FELIPE and other early stories by Mary Austin. Introduction by Franklin Walker. 144 pages. 8 by 5½ inches. Bound in decorated boards, cloth spine. 400 copies printed by Anderson & Ritchie. May 1950. Price \$5.75
- [] THE ESTIENNES. A biographical essay by Mark Pattison illustrated with original leaves from books printed by the three greatest of the distinguished Estienne family. Introduction by Robert Grabhorn. 13 by 8½ inches. Bound in decorated boards, cloth spine. 376 copies printed by the Grabhorn Press. December 1949. Price \$15.00

[] **THE MINERS' OWN BOOK.** Correct Illustrations and Descriptions of the Various Modes of California Mining, Including All the Improvements Introduced from the Earliest Day to the Present Time. From a booklet published by Hutchings and Rosenfield, 1858. 24 illustrations by Charles Nahl. 11 by 7 inches. 50 pages. Bound in decorated boards, cloth spine. 500 copies printed by the Greenwood Press. May 1949. Price \$4.50

[] **ACE HIGH, THE 'FRISCO DETECTIVE,** or The Girl Sport's Double Game, by C.E. Tripp. Reprinted from Beadle's Half-Dime Library, Number 814, February 28, 1893. Introduction by David Magee. Illustrations by Mallette Dean. 8½ by 12½ inches. 56 pages. Bound in specially decorated boards, cloth spine. 500 copies printed by the Grabhorn Press. December 1948. (Selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the Fifty Books of the Year.) Price \$8.50

[] **13 CALIFORNIA TOWNS.** Drawings by unknown artist of early '50s reproduced in original size. Text by Edith M. Coulter and Eleanor Bancroft. Towns pictured: Folsom, Benicia, Vallejo and Mare Island, Martinez, Alviso, Santa Cruz, San Juan Bautista, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, and San Diego. 11½ by 17½ inches. 60 pages. Bound in marbled paper boards, cloth spine. 300 copies printed by the Grabhorn Press. December 1947. Price \$16.50

[] **CALIFORNIA CLIPPER CARDS,** Keepsakes for 1949. Reproductions, in full color, of twelve ship sailing notices. John H. Kemble, editor-in-chief. Cards and folders printed by the Grabhorn Press. Price of the series of 12 with cloth slipcase, \$8.50 [] with leather-back slipcase, \$9.50 []

[] **BONANZA BANQUETS,** Keepsakes for 1950. Reproductions of 12 menus enclosed in folders. Joseph Henry Jackson, editor-in-chief. Menus and folders printed by Anderson & Ritchie. Price of the series of 12 with cloth slipcase, \$8.50 [] with leather-back slipcase, \$9.50 []

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